

late aspect until McAdam Junction is reached at a distance of eighty-four miles from St. John. Here trains meet two or three times a day from all points of the compass and during a brief period all is stir and bustle; but woe betide the luckless passenger who gets stranded in this wilderness and may have to wait several hours for the next train. Dickens' description of Mugby Junction might apply, but would do it but scant justice in its period of relapse. There is no way out to anywhere except by rail. No highway communicating with any other place in the world; it is literally surrounded by an impenetrable wilderness of huge granite boulders, rocks, hills and swamps. Shortly after the railway was first built, and many years before it became part of the C.P.R., machine shops for the repair of rolling stock were established here, which the C.P.R. continues to operate, so there is living in this rocky wilderness a community of two or three hundred industrious and apparently happy people. The dwellings, the few stores, the post office, churches and schoolhouse are scattered alongside and front upon the railway tracks, which constitute the only streets in this unique village. A few of the more industrious and energetic inhabitants have managed to clear away enough boulders to enable them to make small garden patches, and two or three cows now find pasturage among the surrounding rocks and bushes, but no attempt to use a plow or any other horse-power implement has, I believe, ever yet been made, and for a number of years there was no quadruped in the place larger than a cat or dog, with the exception of a few caged bears kept by one of the railway officials. Indeed, it was some years, I am told, after the place was first established before a cat could be induced to remain there. But enough of McAdam,—we now take the train going north and for thirty miles or so continue to travel through a country similar in character to that surrounding the junction, and but little less forbidding in its aspect. Then we reach Canterbury Station, a lifeless little village which saw its best days when the lumber industry was more prosperous than it is now, and shortly after passing it the country begins to improve in appearance until at Debec Junction we may be said to have struck the southern edge of the great agricultural belt which stretches across the northern part of New Brunswick, running some distance into the State of Maine.

From Debec Junction a branch line, eight miles long extends to the town of Houlton, Maine, which with other towns further north, and in fact the whole of Aroostook County, Maine, was for twenty years previous to 1894 wholly dependent upon this Canadian railway for communication with the rest of the world, including other parts of its own State. Since the New Brunswick railway was taken over by the Canadian Pacific, however, various influences have stirred up the people of northern Maine to build a railway of their own, and now the "Bangor and Aroostook" carries nearly all the traffic of that fine county which formerly passed over the New Brunswick railway, and which, under the same management, people think, might still have been controlled by it.

This piece of railway, which we have just traversed from McAdam Junction to Debec, is a part of one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, piece of railroad in Canada. Originally it formed a part of the New Brunswick and Canada railway projected to connect the port of St. Andrew's, N.B., with the City of Quebec. Its

inception was about contemporary with the beginning of the Grand Trunk. The requisite capital, or a portion of it, was subscribed in England, and the road was built and opened for traffic as far as Canterbury Station over forty years ago. A year or so later it was pushed as far as Richmond Corner, a small settlement then in the woods, about half way between Woodstock, N.B., and Houlton, Me., but that is as far as it ever got, and it was not until a railway was built from St. John to Bangor, nearly twenty years later, that it had any connection with any other road, or with any place of importance.

From Debec Junction to Woodstock is a run of twelve miles through a country which shows increasing indications of fertility as we proceed northward, until a few miles below Woodstock we again come in sight of the St. John River—now nearly a hundred and fifty miles from its mouth—amid fertile fields and prosperous looking homesteads surrounded by gardens and orchards.

Woodstock is a bustling little town of six or seven thousand inhabitants, picturesquely situated on high ground overlooking the river at a point where it is joined by the Maduxni-keag, one of its tributaries, which, by affording water power for a saw mill, no doubt formed the nucleus of the now prosperous town. In addition to saw mills of considerable capacity, the town now is able to boast two or three foundries and machine shops, two of them engaged to a limited extent in the manufacture of farm machinery, besides two wagon factories, a furniture factory, a woolen mill and other industries. It is the centre of a fine agricultural district, one of the best, if not the best, in the Maritime Provinces, which furnishes a considerable volume of trade. But as we stop here awhile, and my communication has already grown to a sufficient length, I must defer any further description of Woodstock or the agricultural and other resources of Carleton County, N.B., for another occasion.

The Ainos of Northern Japan

BY HENRY T. FINCK, IN "OUTING."

THOUGH the gypsies are usually considered the most mysterious race in the world, the Japanese empire includes among its subjects a race which is a still greater ethnologic curiosity; for the gypsies have at last been traced definitely to India, while the origin of this branch of the Japanese people, the Yezo-jin, is still shrouded in obscurity.

The name formerly given them was *Ebisu*, or barbarians, while to-day they are known to foreigners as Ainos or Ainu. They are rarely mentioned in the travel sketches of visitors to Japan, for they are not to be seen along the beaten tracks of globe-trotters. Even to the natives in Tokio and other Japanese cities they are such an unusual sight that an Aino family is occasionally exhibited by an enterprising showman as a rare curiosity. Indeed, although names and other relics of a more material nature prove that they once inhabited all parts of the Japanese islands, they are to be found to-day only on Yezo, the most northern of these islands, and on the desolate Kurile Islands (or the "Smokers," so called from their numerous volcanoes). Like our North-American Indians, they have been gradually driven to the northwest. About fifteen thousand of them now inhabit Yezo, living chiefly along the coast on the proceeds of fishing, bear-hunting and primitive agriculture.

They are the wards of the Japanese government, without political arrangements of their own, and show no remnant of the warlike spirit which, until a thousand years ago, led them to revolt.



A VILLAGE ELDER.